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STANLEY ANECDOTES.

TOLD BY A FELLOW WORKER WITH
THE EXPLORER.

An Unfortunate Speech at the Savage
Club and a Futile Liking for an ac-
tress—How Official Red Tape Oppos-
ed Him at the Start.

"Of course, I have left my card upon Stanley," said Mr Stephen Fiske, pushing the cigars across the table in one of the gorgeously decorated reception rooms at the Manhattan Club; "but I did not wait to see him. He belongs to the public now, and there will be chance enough for a talk over old times with old comrades when he has become accustomed to his work as a lecturer. He will find quite a small crowd of us here, headed by Joseph Hutton and Finley Anderson, and there will be no welcome more hearty; for nobody can know Stanley without respecting his virility and liking his sincerity. If, instead of his charge against the rear guard, at Yambuya, he had accused Bartlett and Jamieson of roasting and eating each other, I should have believed him."

"When I first knew Stanley I was on the Herald staff, stationed at the old Queen's Hotel, London, and Stanley was sent out from New York to report the British invasion of Abyssinia. He then looked, dressed, and talked like a Welsh workman. His speech had a decided burr. His manner was rough and suspicious. He seemed to me like a man who had seen hard times and fought through them, and appeared to be more interested in an Arab horse, which he was commissioned to purchase for Mr. Bennett, than in his correspondence. He and Col. Anderson would discuss how they were to get the horse safely to London, while I was wondering how he could get his letters through. His outfit for the campaign was as plain and simple as his manner. Evidently he knew nothing about campaigning with the British army, and expected to tough it in Abyssinia, as he had on the Confederate side during our civil war."

"At last he started for the front, almost as sullen and reticent as ever, and the first letters received from him were full of grumbles about the coldness with which he was treated by the British officers and the difficulties thrown in his way by the officials. By the same mail came letters from friends of mine in the army asking what sort of a fellow—the word was rather stronger—the Herald had sent as its representative. I did not wonder at these complaints. Stanley was never companionable. At that time, and until long after, politeness and he were total strangers. He was so completely engrossed in his work that he cared for nothing else, and he despised those amenities which make up what the English call a gentleman. The officers made his stay in camp as uncomfortable as possible. They could not understand this rough diamond, and Stanley grew to hate them for what he called their arrogant pretension."

"These early experiences with British officers throw some light upon the story of the rear guard. Major Bartlett underestimated Stanley and Stanley eventually disliked the Major. I do not mean that they were jealous of each other. The feeling was deeper than that. Those of our fighting volunteers who were brought in contact with subordinate officers of the regular army, during the war, will comprehend the situation. Major Bartlett wanted to have a good time, win promotion, and make a name for himself as an African explorer. Stanley, his reputation already made, wanted to find Emin and get back to England. The two men could not work together. Their differences were inevitable."

"But to return to Abyssinia. When Stanley sent the news of the first battle, Col. Anderson took it to the Foreign Office, in London, to verify it and obtain further details. The Foreign Office officials knew nothing of any battle and received Stanley's news with open incredulity. Yes; they had heard such rumors before. Oh, dear no! they put no faith in the information. It would be impossible, don't you see, to get news in advance of the Government despatches. Col. Anderson was annoyed at this reception that he brought back the copy of Stanley's news which he had intended to leave with the British officials. His cablegram to the Herald was cabled back to the London papers the next day. Then the Foreign Office sent for him, but they were still doubtful. Three days later the official news arrived confirming Stanley's report in every respect. After that he was never again doubted, and the officials were constantly sending to the Queen's Hotel to ask whether there was any news from Mr. Stanley. Although handicapped in every possible way by the officials at headquarters he continued to beat all other correspondents and the official despatches until the close of the war."

"Stanley returned to London with the Arab horse for Mr. Bennett, a few worn by King Theodore for me, and a number of presents for Col. Anderson. He did not appear to think that he had done anything very wonderful, and talked over his adventures in the same rough gruff style. I was sent off to Naples to report an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, and did not see Stanley again until after he had discovered Livingstone."

"The news of this exploit preceded Stanley's arrival in London, but very few persons believed it. The papers printed a number of communications from more or less eminent scientists and philosophers demonstrating mathematically that Livingstone had been dead for several years; that, if alive, he was certainly in an entire different part of Africa, and that, dead or alive, it was physically impossible that such an inexperienced explorer as Stanley could have discovered him. The discussion was very learned, one-sided, and conclusive."

"In the midst of it I wrote a letter to the London Times reciting the facts

about Stanley and the Foreign Office during the Abyssinia affair, and concluding that if he said he had discovered Livingstone I would believe him although Livingstone himself denied the story. Stanley read this letter on his way to London, and his heart warmed toward his old comrades. Before calling upon anybody else, or writing a line of the book for which he was under contract, he devoted a day and night to Col. Anderson and myself."

"The English scientists and editors were incredulous, but the people were with Stanley. Only a few nights before his arrival we had a Bohemian dinner at a restaurant in Soho, and, by way of a joke—as Stanley was very back, and Tom Ochiltree very red headed, there could not have been two men more unlike—I introduced Ochiltree to the party as Stanley. My speech was made in a low voice, but every ear in the restaurant was stretched to hear that magic name. Ochiltree instantly assumed to be Stanley, and his response was far more eloquent than anything Stanley ever said, and brought tears even to the eyes of those of us who knew him to be humbugging. Before he had concluded, the news had spread in whispers from the restaurant to the street, and a cheering crowd assembled and demanded that Ochiltree should show himself at the window. When we left the restaurant the street was packed."

"I found Stanley on a Saturday afternoon in his room near Portland place. He was in his shirt sleeves, unpacking his luggage. A little negro boy sat about and grinned. Stanley welcomed me like a long-lost brother. His first words were, 'I have seen your letter in the Times.' When I asked whether he would go with me to an early dinner at the Savage Club, he said: 'I will go anywhere with you! I tell you that I have read your letter in the Times.' To change the subject, I related the Ochiltree joke. He smiled at it rather grimly and reminded me that it proved his popularity and meant success for his book and his lectures. 'Good! That's so!' he exclaimed, and then promptly offered to put his entire lecture tour in my hands, if I would undertake to manage it. Unfortunately this was impossible. But there could be no doubt whatever of Stanley's gratitude for what was a very small favor in comparison with the soon heaped upon him."

"We arrived at the Savage Club unannounced, but Stanley was recognized as he took his seat, and the room rang with cheers. He looked at me inquiringly, as I asked, 'What must I do?'

"Instead of speaking about himself or Livingstone, Stanley rested his hand upon my shoulder and talked about me. 'I don't know anything about the Savage Club,' he said. 'I never heard of the Savage Club. You don't look very savage. My old friend Fiske asked me to come somewhere with him and I came right along. That's how I am here.' His manner was needlessly aggressive, and even offensive. His eyes were blood-shot, and he rolled them about angrily, as if the kind words said of him had been covert insults. He supposed that all the Savage Club members were English newspaper men, and he did not like English newspapers any better than he did English officers."

"You notice that Stanley's interview about the rear guard was with the London Times reporter, and that all his diaries and notes relating to that matter have been turned over to the Times. This is because he believes that the Times was the first English paper to do him justice. It is not so; but he believes it. The Telegraph would have paid him handsomely for what the Times gets for nothing. The News would have been a much better medium for him; but for the sake of old times he prefers the Times, and makes that slow paper appear actually enterprising."

"The impression upon the Savage Club by Stanley's speech was very bad. Some members muttered that he must be drunk. He was as sober as a Judge; but, since he did not know anything about the club, he thought it necessary to say so, bluntly. I took him away as soon as possible, and we dropped in at the Vaudeville Theatre where a burlesque was being played. Nellie Powers was the hero, attired in a white satin suit and a white wig, with her face powdered. Stanley stared at her, and gasped and groaned. Her whiteness dazzled and attracted him. 'I would give all I am worth to speak to that—that angel!' he said, gripping my arm like a vise."

"An introduction to the business manager placed the entire theatre at Stanley's disposal. We went behind the scenes, and he was presented to his white angel. He simply glared at her. His eyes seemed aflame. They made a strange contrast—she so white and he so black. But the impression upon Nellie Powers was no more favorable than that upon the Savage Club. He frightened her and she was very glad when her cue came, and she had to go on the stage. Stanley, like one dazed, attempted to follow her, and I had to hold him back. When he looked at me and found me laughing at him, he gave a thoroughly African grunt and said, 'Let's get out of this!' I felt much relieved when we had left the theatre. Too much darkest Africa had transformed a London burlesque actress into an angel."

"Accompanying Stanley to the Albion and other Bohemian resorts that night, I learned what it was to be a bear leader. He was as ignorant of the conventionalities as a child, and as obstinate as a mule, and the only way to control him at all was to refer to some incident of our former comradeship. Then he would relax and begin to talk by the hour. After that night I left Stanley to his back, his lectures and his fame. Since then he has learned the properties, the conventionalities, and the amenities; has become one of the world's greatest men, and has married one of the most charming women in England. Yet, when Anderson Hutton, and myself summon him for our friendly crack, I feel sure that I shall meet the same old Stanley."—New York Sun.

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